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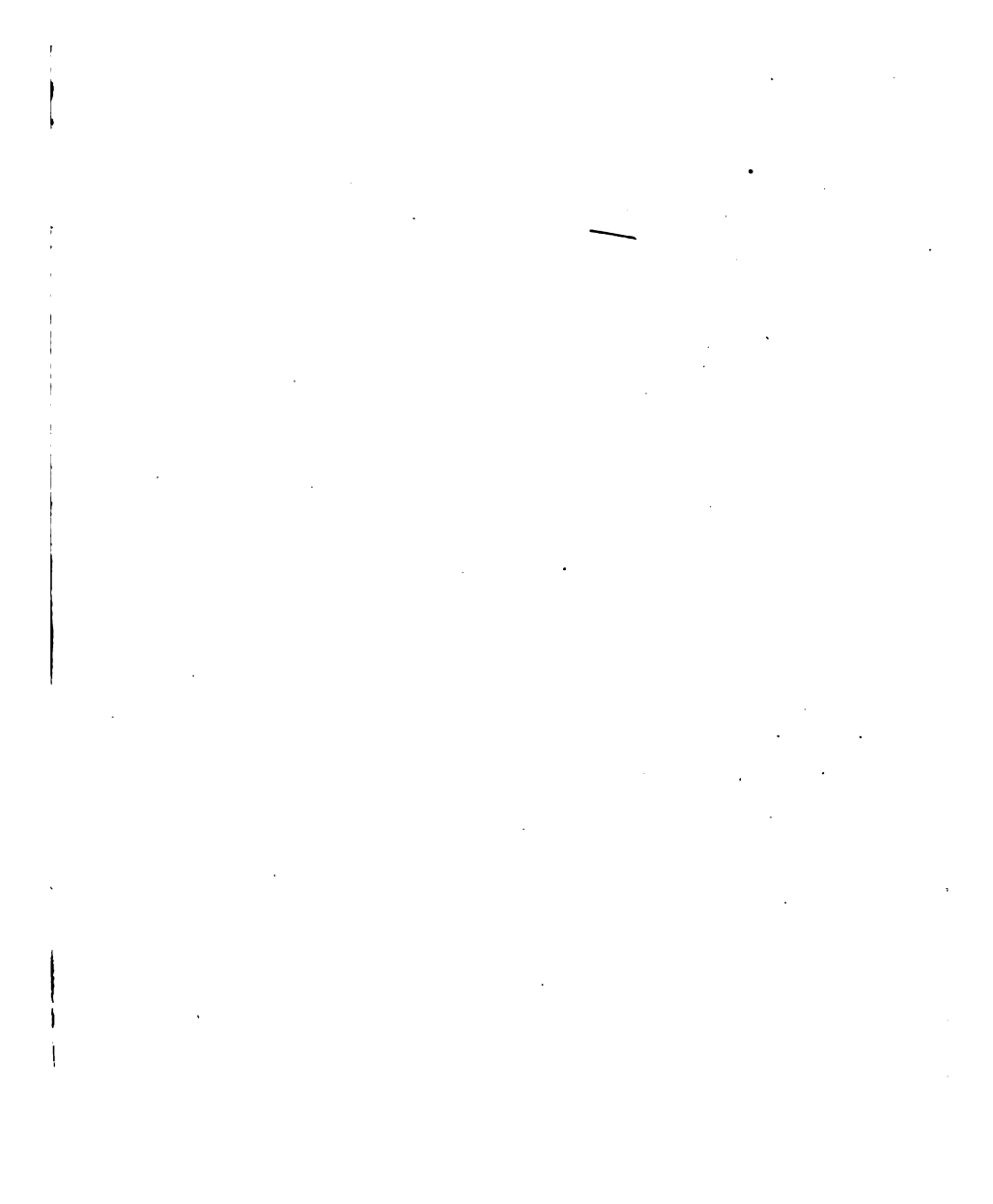
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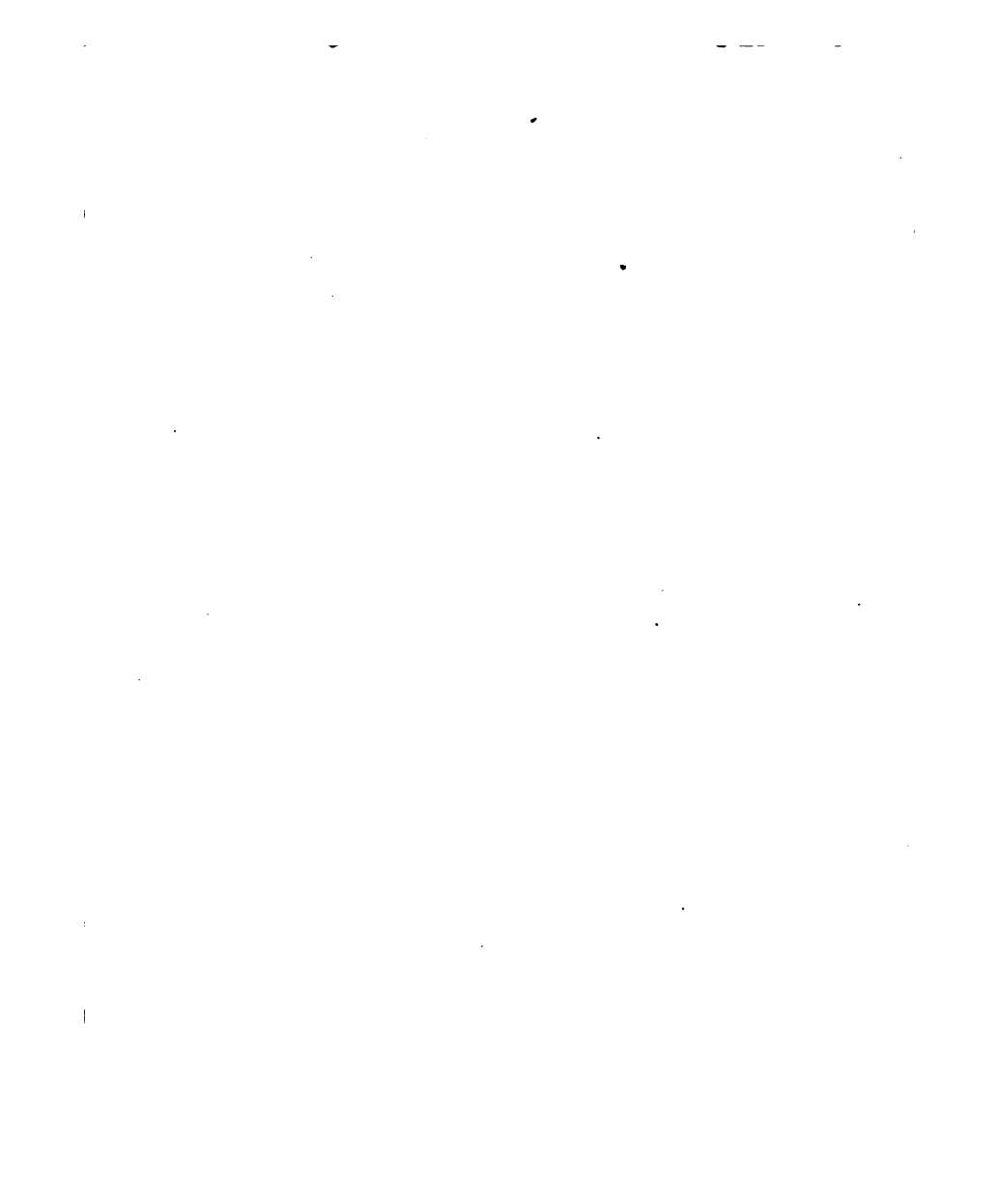
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Lines on a Withered Tree

IN THE VICEREGAL GROUNDS,

BY

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

IMITATED IN

Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.



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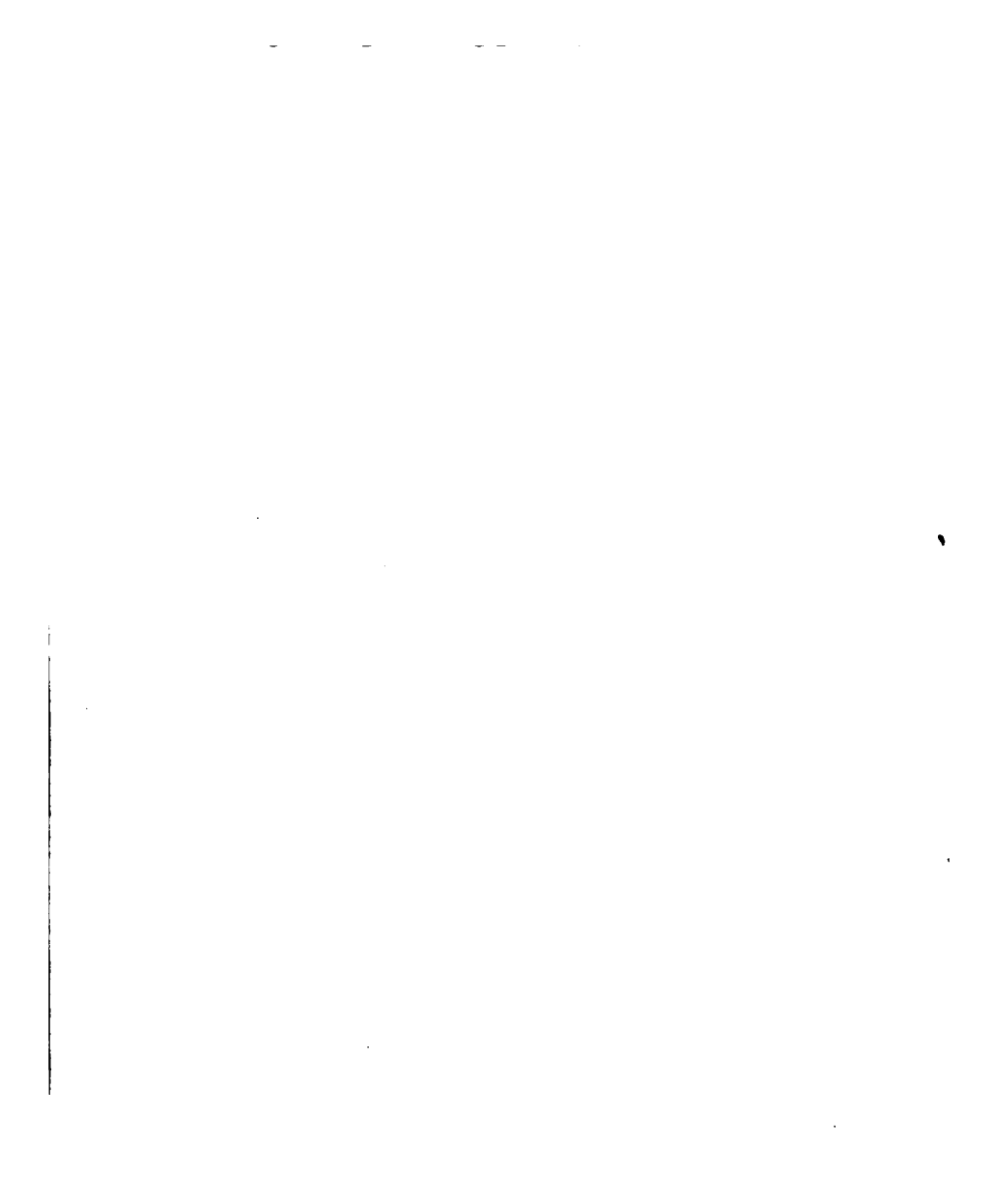


TENDER and melancholy interest lingers about a glade in the Viceregal Grounds. In this spot Her Excellency the Countess of St. Germans planted a tree (*Pinus insignis*) to preserve a remembrance of her sojourn in Ireland. Within a year, the tree withered and died, the very month of the Lady's own death. Touched by the coincidence, Lord Carlisle wrote a few tributary lines, and had them inscribed on a memorial stone, placed where the tree had been.

A short time ago, Dr. Butler, Head Master of Harrow, when visiting Lord Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge, chanced to read the lines, and, appreciating their poetic feeling, translated them into Latin verse. Other translations were contributed, and thus these "Nugæ" originated. Here collected, they are dedicated to the memory of the good and gentle Countess of St. Germans.

J. BERNARD BURKE, LL. D., *Ulster*.

RECORD TOWER, DUBLIN CASTLE,
1870.



AD LIBELLUM PROPECTURUM.

VADĒ, liber, mea cura diu ! pete fortiter altum ;

Vade, nec in portu te retinere velim.

I pete lectores, queis commenderis, amicos :

Si tibi diffidis, causa det ipsa fidem.

Te Dominæ meminisse juvet ; quæ gratia vivæ

Contigit, hanc spera te quoque posse sequi.

Nec famæ premat ægra sitis ; sat honoris habeto,

Si modo, cui placeas, unus et alter erit.

Vade, bonis placiture ! bonis mandata reserva :

Obvia si fuerit turba maligna, tace.

Effuge plebeios, vel parcius utere, cœtus ;

Est ubi iudicibus non placuisse placet.

Virginis in collo lucet pretiosa smaragdus,

Neo viret, immundas si jacies ante sues.

Tu quoque vulgari tua munera subtrahe visu :

Sacra vehis ; trutinâ merx eget ista suâ.

Si tamen illustres animas et Apolline dignas

Reppereris, totos pande, libelle, sinus.

Cui pietatis amor, cui corda experta dolendi,

Pectoraque immeritis incalitura malis,

Hunc cape censorem ; sed ne notet acrius, ora ;

Hic erit, oblatas qui tueatur opes.

Si quis erit, tumidum qui quo duce carpseris æquor,

Quæve ministerii sit tibi causa, roget,

Omnia fac memores ; qui fons, quæ meta, laboris :

Quo pia ludebat Silvia, pinget nemo.

Dic Pinum, properamque necem : tum plura petenti

Hæc quoque, nec timido, signifer, ore refer :

“ Ulsterus, Armorum cui Regia jure potestas,

“ Hæc mihi pro Dominâ signa ferenda dedit.

“ Scilicet humanis vicibus mansuescere doctus

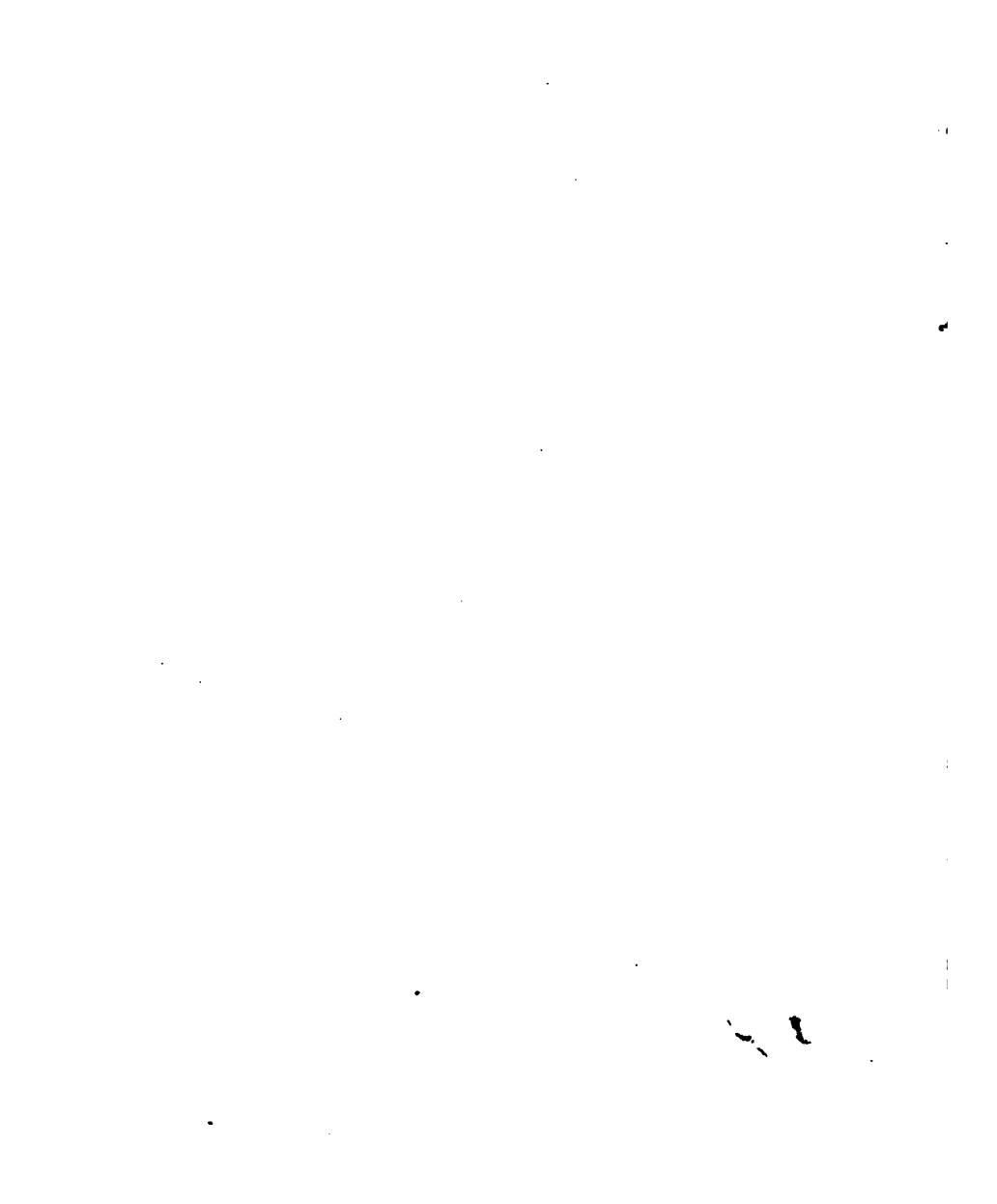
“ Viderat hic propriæ quod foret artis opus.

“ Nec voluit cristâ clypeove carere tuentis

“ Casus femineos arboreamque fidem.”

FLEBILIS ARBOR.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.



The Inscription.

Poor tree ! a gentle mistress placed thee here,
To be the glory of the glade around :
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what diff'ring terms your fates allow,
Tho' like the period of your swift decay :
Thine are the sapless root and withered bough ;
Her's the green mem'ry and immortal day.

CARLISLE.

VICEREGAL LODGE,
1856.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Hic ubi te posuit pia Silvia, flebilis arbor !

“ Tu nemoris nostri gloria,” dixit, “ eris.”

Vix unum tibi vita fugax superavit in annum ;

Silvia sub tumulto dormit et ipsa suo.

Tabæ pari tamen usa pari non uteris ævo,

Nec similis vitæ limes utramque manet.

Est tibi truncus iners, tibi membra carentia succo :

Illi amor usque virens, et sine morte dies.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D. D.

HARROW, *June 9*, 1870.

GLORIA quæ nemoris fiores, arbuscula, quondam,
Hic Dominæ posuit te generosa manus.
Summa tibi vitæ brevior quam præpetis anni ;
Condita longinquo dormit et Ipsa solo.

Ast quam dissimilis vobis fortuna paratur,
Sors immaturi par licet exitii !
Sicca tibi radix superest, ramique perusti ;
Fama virens Illi, morte carensque dies.

JOSEPH LENTAIGNE, S. J., M. A.

DUBLIN, 1870.

Hæc mihi ! parva arbor ! nemoris decus, umbra vireti

Quæ fieres, Dominæ te pia cura dedit.

Vita tibi permissa brevi non longior anno,

Et Domina in tumultu, morte preempta, jacet.

Quam pariles casus, quam dispar exitus, uno

Funere mors quamvis visa jugasse duas !

Marcida tu sine fronde peris : viret Illa superstes ;

Illi semper amor, nec moritura dies.

J. BERNARD BURKE, LL. D., *Ulster*.

DUBLIN CASTLE, 1870.

Hic placuit miti Dominæ, miseranda, vigeres,
Hic mediis stares saltibus, arbor, honos.
Ah, tibi plus unum non vivere contigit annum !
Ah, Dominæ cineres non tua condit humus !

At spatio si fata breves clausistis eodem,
Ecce paris dispar lex in utraque vicis !
Sicca tibi radix, tibi brachia marcida restant ;
Fama virens Illi, nec peritura dies.

RICHARD C. JEBB, M. A.

TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE, 1870.

Hic, arbor, Dominæ posuit te dextra benignæ,
Te nemoris circum quæ decus omne fores.
Hei mihi, non unum tibi vita superfuit annum ;
Ipsa etiam proprio caespite pressa iacet.

Fata tamen vobis quali distantia fine,
Abstulerit parili mors ut utramque fuga !
Sicca tibi radix, ramalia marcida tota ;
Illi fama virens et sine nocte dies.

ARTHUR HOLMES, M. A.

LONDON, 1870.

Te manus hic Dominæ sevit pia, flebilis arbor,
Quæ nemoris circum gloria summa fores.
Ah ! tibi non unum fuit annum vita superstes ;
Hæc quoque sub tumulo pressa sopore iacet.

Parcarum arbitrio quam dispar finis utrique,
Vos tabe abstulerit par licet hora pari !
Sicca tibi radix, foliis tibi brachia nuda ;
Huic et fama virens et sine nocte dies.

CÆCIL F. HOLMES, M. A.

HARROW, 1870.

ARBOR amor Dominæ, cingentibus addita sylvia

—Ipsa manu addiderat—quale futura decus !

Unius heu lapsu tibi vita fugacior anni,

Illa procul patriâ condita dormit humo.

Morte pares, fato quam dispare ! sors licet uno

Visa sit interitu consociasse duas.

Stirps tibi sicca perit, trunco liber aret ; at Illi

Laus viret, et nullâ nocte premenda dies.

GEORGE WHITLEY ABRAHAM, M. A., LL. D.

TRIN. COLL., DUB.

DUBLIN, 1870.

Hic generosa manus Dominæ, miserabile lignum !

Gaudebat nemori te posuisse decus.

Uno tu celeri vixisti haud amplius anno,

Et procul Illa aliâ mortua dormit humo.

Tempore sed quamquam sociæ periistis eodem,

Sorte parum sociâ fata dedere frui.

Tu radicem ares, ramusque perurit alte,

Fama sed Illius non moritura viret.

COURTENAY BOYLE.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 1870.

Hæu ! miscranda arbos ! nemoris spes lausque futura,
Spes etiam Dominæ nostris quæ te dedit hortis.
Omnia vota jacent ; unus te sustulit annus ;
Et Domina ipsa solo, festinâ morte perempta,
Longinquo dormit. Quantum diversa videtur
Arboris et Dominæ sors, etsi vita fuisset
Ambabus concessa brevis ! Dissolvitur arbos
Interitu toto ; radicibus hæret adustis,
Nec folium superest. Aliter memoranda virescit
Cordibus in multis Domina, immortalis et ipsa.

PETER BURKE,
Serjeant-at-Law.

LONDON, 1870.

FLEBILIS,—nam te generosa frustra
Silvia umbrosæ dedit esse plebi
Principem, fluxos dolituram honores—

Flebilis arbor!

Te brevem cursum fugientis anni
Invidæ nolunt superasse Parcæ :
Ipsa longinquo tumulata busto

Silvia dormit.

Sed licet velox utriusque eâdem
Falce cervicem Libitina cædat,
Non pari metâ Dea terminandum

Destinat ævum.

Sicca te radix dedit, arbor, Orco et
Marcidæ frondes : viret Illa nostris
Cordibus, lucemque tuetur atrâ

Nocte carentem.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D. D.

HARROW, 1870.

O QUAM nefasto constituit die
Regina reginam, ut decus adderes

Silvis, et umbroso vireres

Imperio, miseranda Pinus !

Sceptro potitæ quam brevis avolat

Uno vel anno vita fugacior !

Quin Ipsa, non lapsæ superstes,

Sub patriâ jacet exsul herbâ.

Atqui procellæ par licet impetus

Vastârît ambas, non parilli tamen

Fuso, nec æquatis honores

Staminibus tribuere Parcæ.

Tu marcidarum funera frondium

Stirpemque demptis ingemis aridam

Succis, at immortalis Illi

Laus viret, et sine nube soles.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D. D.

HARROW, 1870.

Te Dominæ pia cura solo, miseranda, locârat
Patentis, arbor, ut fores agri decus.
At mansit tua vita brevem non amplius annum,
Et Ipsa dormit extero sub aggere.
Quam diversa tamen sors est (adverte) duarum !
Fugax utramque vexit hora ; sed tibi,
Arbor, truncus iners, frons arida restat ; at Illi
Perenne lumen ac virens adhuc amor.

CHARLES S. CALVERLEY, M. A.

LONDON, 1870.

Mollis huc hera quam tulit caducam
Ut saltûs decus, arbor, emineres,
Anno non superas brevi peracto;
Et cæpes procul ambit arctus Illam.
Pares funere (dispare eodem
Quanto, discite) marcuistis ambæ :
Frons restat tibi passa, sicca radix ;
Illi lux nova jugiter virenti.

CHARLES S. CALVERLEY, M. A.

LONDON, 1870.

Ergo mitis heræ te posuit manus
Ruris quæ medii gloria surgeres ?
Vix annus miseræ clauditur—occidis,
Nec non Ipsa jacet procul.

At, quamvis parili mors tulit impetu,
Quam non æqua manent stamina mortuas,
Tu si fronde cares stirps putris, Illius
Vernat fama superstitis.

EDWARD M. YOUNG, M. A.

HARROW, 1870.

Oh, factum male ! Quae, misella pinus,
Lydes hic posita es manu tenella,
Ut ruri decus addereris, annus
Suffecit brevis unus abstulisse,
Quae te severat annus abstulisse
Suffecit brevis ; at manet gemellas
Sors quam non parilis, pari ruina
Quas mors consociavit ocio !
Aret marcidulum, miselle trunce,
Honoris quod erat tui, sed illi
Laus vernat nova, Luxque noctis expers :
Oh, factum bene ! Oh, beata Lyde !

R. Y. TYRRELL, M. A., F. T. C. D.

TRIN. COLL. DUB.,
1870.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ἦ σε, τήλαν δένδρον, ἀγανὴ δέσποιν' ἐφύτευσεν
ἐνθάδε, κυδαίνειν τήν περὶ ταῦτα νάπην.
σὴ δ' ἔλαχε ζωὴ ταχίος βραχὺ τέρμ' ἐνιαυτοῦ,
ἐν θανάτῳ καὶ τήν ἄλλοθι τύμβος ἔχει.

ἀλλ', οὐ γὰρ τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον κατὰ ταῦτά διελθεῖν
ἀμφοῖν εἴμαρται ῥίμφα καταφθιμίνοι,
Σαθρὰ σοὶ ἐκ ξηροῦ τοῦ σώματος ἔρνεα· κείνῃ
καὶ μνήμη θαλερὰ καὶ φάος ἀθάνατον.

LYTTELTON.

ALTHORP, 1870.

Δένδριον αὔθι, τάλαν, δέσποινα φύτευσέ σ' ἀγανῇ
Τῶνδε πέριξ νεμέων ἔμμεναι ἀγλαΐαν·
Σοὶ βίος οὐ πληρῶσιν ἔτους ἑρόμον ὠκυθόοιο,
Τηλόθι καὶ αὐτῇ εὐδὲι ὑποχθόνιος.

Ἄλλ' ἰδοῦ ὥς ὑμῖν πέπρωται ἀσύμμετρος αἶσα!
Ἀμφοτέροις περ ἴσως τέρμα βίοιο βραχύ·
Σοὶ μὲν ῥίζα μένει ξηρῇ, ὀζοὶ τε μάρανθεν,
Τῇ δὲ θαλεῖ μνήμη, τῇ φάος ἀθάνατον.

JOSEPH LENTAIGNE, S. J., M. A.

DUBLIN, 1870.

εἰσὶ σε μελιχία, δένδρον τάλαν, ἐνθάδ' ἄνασσα,
ὥς περ μαιεύσεως ὄμμα γένοιο νάπης.
φειῦ· βίηχ' οὐ σοὶ ζωῆς δέδοται μέτρον εἰς ἐνιαυτός·
ἢ δ' ἐτέρου κεῖται τύμβον ἔχουσα πέδου.

ἀλλὰ χρόνον καί περ φθιμένοις ἐς ὅμοιον ἄώροις
οὐκ ἴσον ἀμφοτέροις Μοῖρα τέθεικε νόμον.
ρίζα μένει σοὶ μὲν ξηρὰ καὶ κλώνες ἄφυλλοι·
τῇ δὲ κλέος θάλλον καὶ φάος ἀθάνατον.

RICHARD C. JEBB, M. A.

TRIN. COLL., CAMBRIDGE,

1870.

αἰαῖ, δένδρον ἑλαινόν· ἔθικέ σε δισπότις ἄβρα
ὄμμα νάπης οἶον τῆς περιφουσαμένης·
ἀλλὰ σύ τ' ἐν ζωῷς οὐκ ἦνυσας οὐδ' ἔτος οὐλον,
κοιμᾶται τ' αὐτὴ χώματι κἂν ἐτέρῳ.

τέρματα δ' ὑμῖν μόρσιμ' ἀφ' αὐτῶν ὅσσα διέστη
τοῖν κῆρ' ὠκύμορον μηδὲ διΐσταμένοιιν·
τῷδε μὲν ἀθάνατόν τ' ἤμαρ καὶ μνηστὺς αἰίζως,
σοὶ δὲ κλάδος καρφθεὶς ῥίζα τ' ἀποφθιμένη.

ARTHUR HOLMES, M. A.

LONDON, Oct., 1870.

ὦ φύτον, ὦ τριπόθαιον, ἀνίδραμες ἰσσόμενον δὴ
 πᾶσι περίβλεπτον μοῦνον ἀγαλμα νάπους·
 τήνα δ' ἀ χαρίεσσα τόδ' ἤθειλεν ἄ σ' ἐφύτευσεν·
 ἤθειλεν, ἀλλ' ἔζης οὐδ' ἐνιαυτὸν ὅλον.
 ἰνθάδ' ἀποφθίμενον κείσαι, φύτον, ἀ δὲ καθεύδει
 ἀλλοδαπᾶς ὑπὸ γᾶς ἥρεμα κεκλιμένα.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἴσος μόρος, εἰ σὺ μὲν ἄλλως
 ἀκρίμονας ξηροῦς, ρίζαν ἀχρεῖον ἔχεις,
 τήνα δ' ἀ μακαρῖτις αἰεὶ τοῖς μνάμοσι θάλλει,
 εἰσαθρεῖ τ' αὐγὰς ἀματος ἀενάου.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, M. A.

ΕΤΟΝ, 1870.

Δεσπότις ὦδ', ἐλεεινὸν, ἔθηκέ σε πότνια, δένδρον,
Τοῖσι περίξ νέμεσιν κῦδος ἔν' ἀμφίθαλοις·
Τίρμα σοὶ οὐ ζωῆς χρονιώτερον ἢ ἐνιαυτοῦ·
Κοιμᾶται δ' αὐτὴ τηλόθ' ὑποχθόνιος.

Ἄλλ' οὐδ' εἴπερ ἴσον δρόμον ἀμφοτέρωσιν ἔδωκε
Μοῖρα βίαιο, νόμῳ καὶ τὸν ἔδωκεν ἴσῳ·
Ῥίζα σοὶ ἡδὲ τε φύλλ' ἐσάπη, περίεστι δ' ἐκείνῃ
Τηλεθόωσα χάρις, καὶ φάδς ἀθάνατον.

GEORGE WHITLEY ABRAHAM, M. A., LL. D.

DUBLIN, 1870.

Ἑλαιομέν σε, δένδρον,
ὅτι δεῦρ' ἔθηκέ σ' ἀβρά
βασίλεια, γειτουνούντων
ἵνα δὴ φυτῶν ἀνάσσοις.
ἐνιαυτός εἰς ἀπέπτῃ,
σὺ δὲ, δένδρον, οὐκ ἔτι ζῇς,
βασίλεια δ' ἢ σ' ἔθηκεν
ἐκὰς ἐν τάφῳ καθεύδει.
ταχύποτμον ἦσθα, δένδρον,
ταχύποτμος ἢ ποθεινὴ,
τὸ δὲ κεῖθιν οὐκ ἀδελφόν
ἐπέκλωσεν αἷσα τέκμωρ.
σὺ γάρ, ὦ τάλαν, σίσηπας
προθέλυμνον ἢ δ' ἄφυλλον·
βασίλεια δ', ἐν φίλοισι
κλῆος ἐκλαχοῦς' ἀγήρων,
ἀμάραντον ἐν μακαίραις
φάος ἡλίου θεᾶται.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D. D.

HARROW, 1870.

Στένομίν σε, τήν ἑλεινήν,
διτι πρευμαμένης σ' ἔθηκε
βασίλεις, νάπους ἔν' ἄρχοις
ἐλατῶν ἄωτος ἄκρος,
σὺ δὲ δαρὸν οὐ τίθηλας·
ἔτος οὐλον οὐκ ἐπίζης,
φθιμένην δὲ χῆ' σ' ἔθηκε
διαπόντιος κίχωσαι.
ταχέως ἄρ' ᾗξε Μοῖρα,
ταχέως ἀνέϊλεν ἄμφω,
τὸ δὲ νῆμα τοῦπίλοιπον
ἰσομηκές οὐκ ἔδωκε,
σὺ μὲν εἰ κλάδων ἄτερθε
στίλεχος σίσηπας ἦδη,
θαλίθει δὲ τῆς ποθεινῆς
ὄνομ', ἐν θεοῖσιν αἰεὶ
φάος ἡλίου βλεπούσης.

EDWARD M. YOUNG, M. A.

HARROW, 1870.

Ἔθῃ κί σ', ὦ τάλαινα, δεσπότις φίλῃ
 χλωρὸν πρέπειν ἄγαλμα τοῦ πέριξ νάπους·
 σοὶ δ' οὐδ' ἔτειος ἐξεπληρώθη κύκλος,
 κείνῃ θ' ὑπ' ἄλλῃ ξυνθανοῦσ' εὕδει τάφῳ.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ὑμῖν κοινὸν εἴμαρται τέλος,
 κοινῇ περ ἄμφοϊν ξυμμετρουμέναιιν φθορᾷ·
 σοὶ μὲν γὰρ αὕτῃ ρίζα καὶ κλῶνες σαπροὶ,
 τῇ δ' εὐθαλὴς τε δόξα κἄφθιγον φάος.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D. D.

1870.

TRADUIT EN FRANÇAIS.

Pour devenir un jour l'honneur de la clairière,
Gentille Dame ici, pauvre Arbre, te plaça :
Mais tu ne vécus pas même une année entière ;
Loin de toi, dans la tombe Elle aussi s'affaissa.

Si le Temps vous frappa tous deux d'un seul coup d'aile,
Quelle inégalité dans ce double destin !
Pour toi, tronc desséché, rameaux flétris ; pour Elle
Souvenir toujours vert, jour brillant sans déclin.

V. LEGENTIL.

LYCÉE IMPÉRIAL, CAEN, 1870.

INS DEUTSCHE UEBERSSETZT.

Du armer Baum, den Sie mit eignen Händen
Im Thal gepflanzt als letzte Liebesgabe,
Ein Sommer sah Dein Leben hier sich enden,
Und Sie auch schlummert schon im kühlen Grabe.

Doch wie Eur ird'sches Dasein auch sich gleiche,
Ein andres Loos war Dir und Ihr beschieden,—
Dir bleibt der trock'ne Stamm, das Laub, das bleiche,
Ihr, treue Liebe und der ew'ge Frieden.

MAX MÜLLER, M. A.

OXFORD, 1870.

Armes Bäumchen es hatte Dich hier die Geliebte gepflanzt,
Um des umgürtenden Hains einst zu erwachsen den Schmuck.
Doch nur ein flüchtiges Jahr des Daseyns war Dir vergönnet,
Und die sonst Dich gepflegt schlummert im Grabe nun auch.

Aber ob beiden der Tod wohl führet das ähnliche Schicksal,
Dennoch ein anderes Ziel hat er Euch beiden gestellt.
Dir bleibt nichts, als der trockene Stamm, die saftlosen Zweige ;
Ihr blüht ewige Lieb', glänzet das ewige Licht.

GEORGE WHITLEY ABRAHAM, M. A., LL.D.

DUBLIN, 1870.

Du armer Baum! Die Edelfrau dir wählte
Den Ort, zu prangen hier im Waldearund;
Doch nicht ein flüchtig Jahr dein Leben währte;
Es schläft auch sie in eines Hügels Grund.

War auch des Lebens Ziel euch nicht das gleiche,
Des Lebens Neige kam zur selben Zeit;
Dir bleibt die trock'ne Wurzel, dürr' Gezweige,
Ihr blüht Erinn'ung, Ihr die Ewigkeit.

H. B.

STONYHURST, 1870.

TRADOTTO IN ITALIANO.

Alberetto infelice ! Una gentile
Quì ti pose, il boschetto a far più bello.
Secco tu sei pria che ritorni Aprile ;
Ella riposa in un modesto avello.

Ma varie sorti vi concede il fato,
Se fugaci del pari aveste l' ore :
Lentamente tu infradici obbliato ;
Ella rivive nell' eterno Amore !

JAMES P. LACAITA, K. C. M. G.

LONDON, 1870.

Gentil Signora quivi ti piantò,
Pover' arboscel, per esser dell' intorno
Fronduta gloria; aimè! qual breve giorno
Strusse la piantatrice man e te schiantò!

Gemelli in morte a quai diversi fati
Da morte spinti! non risorgi mai
Tu, legno marcio: quella ammantata i rai
Di vita non caduca tra i beati.

MICHAEL O'FERRALL, S. J.

DUBLIN, 1870.

TRADUCCIÓN ESPAÑOLA.

Una gentil Señora, pobre arbol ! en este hermoso prado,

Para ser la honra del bosque, aqui te colocó :—

Un corto año, ay de mi ! tu vida no ha durado,

Y ella duerme tambien debajo otro terrón.

Pero mirad los fines diversos que la suerte proclama !

Aunque el tiempo de la muerte en los dos fue veloz e igual :—

Tuyos son la seca raiz y la mustia rama,

Su yo el verde amor y el dia de la luz immortal.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

LONDON, 1870.

ARBOL que puso con su tierna mano
Hermosa dueña, tan fiero y lozano ;
A doce lunas tu vida no llegó,
Y ella tambien á otro tumulto pasó.

Diverso fin os destinó la suerte,
Que iguales hizo la temprana muerte :
Tuyo, la seca raiz, marchita gloria ;
Suyo, eterna vida, immortal memoria.

VICTOR LENTAIGNE, S. J.

STONTHURST, 1870.

TRADUÇÃO PORTUGUEZA.

GLORIA deste claro em roda
Aqui, arvore infeliz,
Gentil e nobre matrona,
Outrora plantar-te quiz ;

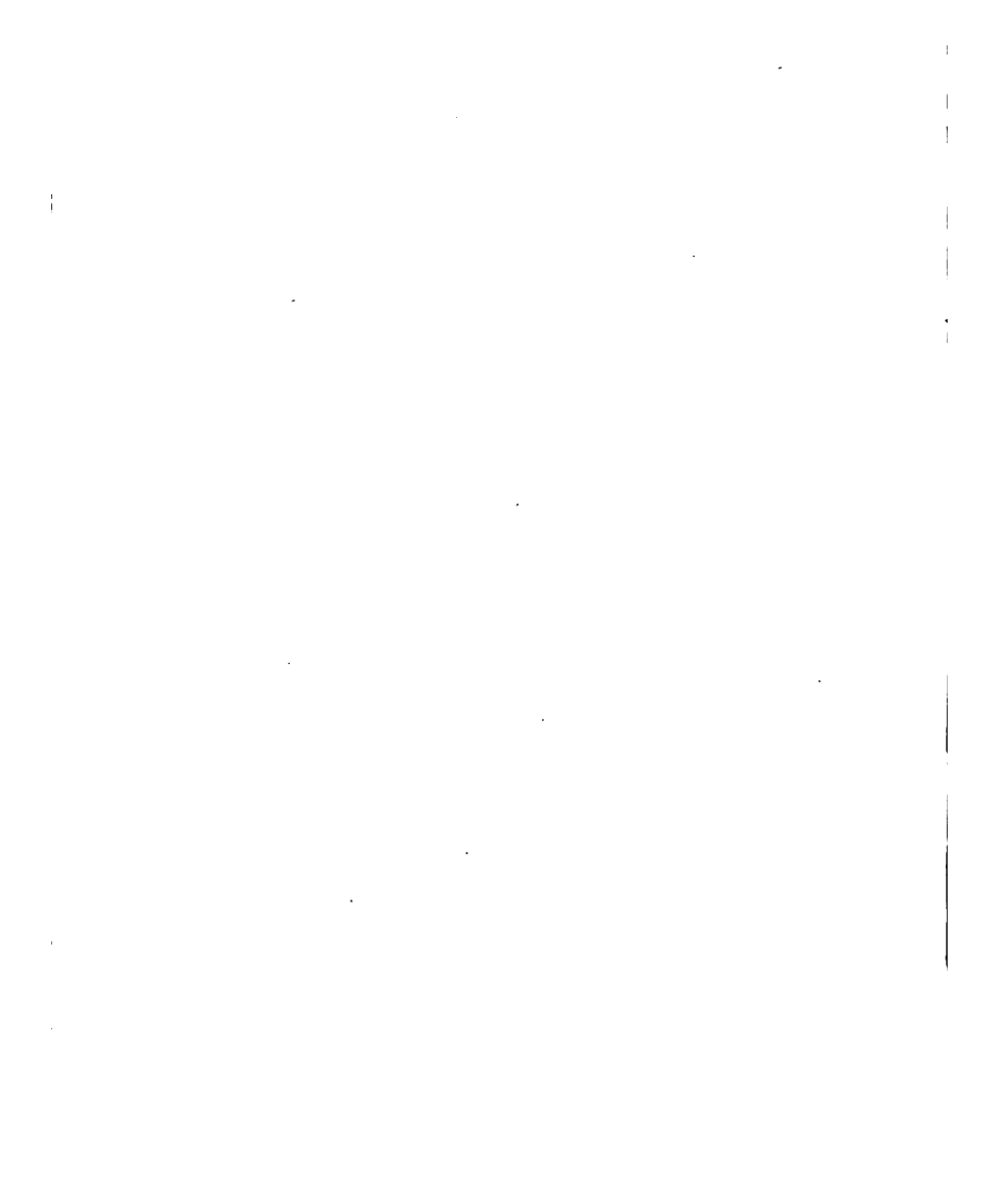
N'um breve curso solar
Terminára o teu viver,
Tambem a ella a dura sorte,
Desta terra quiz colher.

D'ambas a mortal carreira
Quiz a natura abbreviar,
Mas ai ! bem outro destino,
Arvore, te vejo aguardar,

Seccos a raiz e os ramos
Te deixa a sina fatal,
Mas a ella viva memoria
Lhe fica, e luz immortal.

J. C. R.

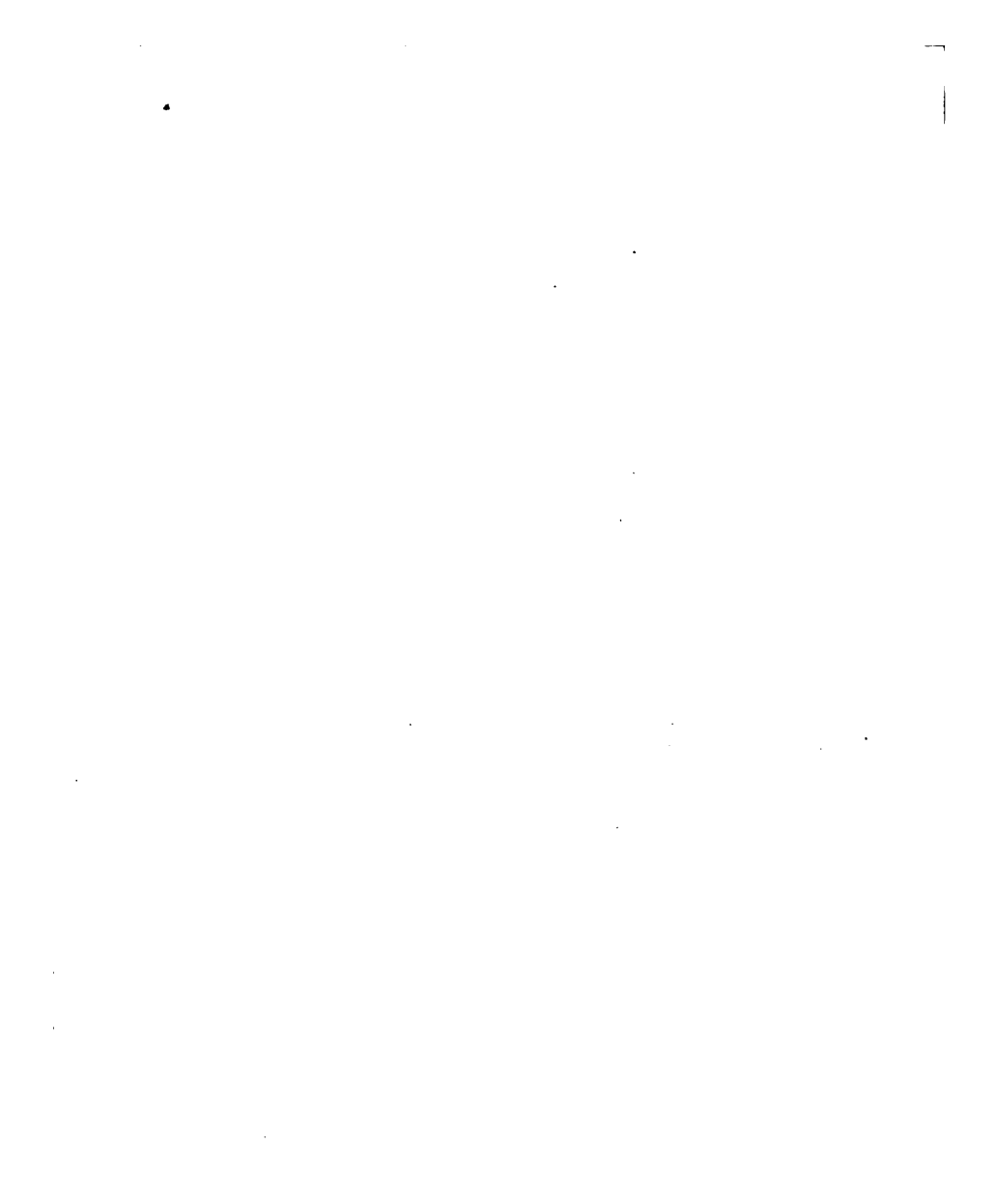
STONTHURST, 1870.



VALE.

No more, poor Tree ! we mourn thy " swift decay,"
But link thee fondly with the Poet's lay,
That conjures up by mem'ry's magic beam
The gentle Lady,—Howard's honored theme—
With thy brief life contrasts her fadeless bloom
In light eternal, bright beyond the tomb,
And consecrates this spot, as hallowed ground,
" To be the glory of the glade around."

J. BERNARD BURKE, *Ulster.*



AD PINUM INSIGNEM.
SILVIÆ MANU IN HORTO POSITAM
CUM IPSA DOMINA PARITER EXSTINCTAM,
POST DAPHNIDIS ET PASTORUM STUDIO
IMMORTALITATE DONATAM.

Fies Nobilium Tu Quoque.—HOR.

ARBOR, quam nemori credidit extero
Non oblita domûs Silvia patriæ,
Cæcis credula fatis,
Nec casûs metuens sui,
Te raptam spatio flevimus annuo,
Æquali dominæ funere regiæ:
Lapsum frondis honorem et
Stirpem flevimus aridam.

Sed te Pieridum non levis arbiter
Telluri eripuit Daphnis inhospitæ,
Parnassoque fovendam et
Auritis Dryasin dedit,
Pinum non humili vindice sospitem.
Fies nobilium tu soror arborum,
Hoc dicente renatas
Frondes et capitis decus.

H. M. B.

Optavi quoties arida facta mori !—OVID.

ARBOR, honorati quam tot cecinere poetæ,
Tot linguis hominum, tot memorata modis,
Quis tua fata gemat ? Quis te jam ploret adeptam ?
Tu nihil in casu, cur miseremur, habes.
Dignior invidiâ, cultu celebrabere nostro ;
Jam veteres questus dedidicisse juvat.
Scilicet arentem te fleverat unus et alter :
“ Sicca tibi radix, frons tua marcet,” ait.
En quot ab arenti succos traxere Camenæ,
Quot foliis nuper frons viduata viret !
Debita Parnasso nova gloria, sume triumphos !
Nympha, ministerium tempus inire tuum est.
Scimus ut annosâ quercu Dodona columbis
Ediderit magni jussa verenda Jovis.

Laurus Apollineos sine fine loquetur amores,

Stabit oliva ferax, Pallas, in arce tuâ.

Populus Alcidæ testabitur ausa vagantis,

Uva racemiferi tempora tinget heri.

Tu quoque in arboribus, Pinus, numerabere sacris,

Utque aliis crevit, sic tibi crescet honor.

Atque ita pastores, medio dum tædia fallunt

Sole lyrâ, de te, Pane docente, canent:

“SILVIA quam posuit, propero quam funere raptam

DAPHNIS inextinctâ laude jugavit heræ,

Anglia Te venerans, vatum te mater Ierne

Sistit in Aonio colle, vetatque mori.”

H. M. B.

Υστερον αὖ ζῶσιντι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φέονται.—Moscm.

Μηκέτι μοι μύρεσθε κατ' ἄλσασα, μηκέτι, Μοῦσαι,
ζῷ γὰρ ἔθ' ἄδε Πίτυς καὶ μάλ' ἀποφθιμίνα.
οὐκ ἰτὸς ἰξεχύθη τόσα δάκρυα· δάκρυσι Μοισᾶν
ξηρὰ τίθηλε πάλιν καὶ πετάλοισι βρύει.

Η. Μ. Β.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense.—MILTON.

“Poor tree”! nay, happy tree! “poor tree” no more:
“Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore.”
“Large recompense” the kindly Muse hath paid
For thy brief wrongs, thou seeming-injured shade.
Mourn not the “withered bough,” the “sapless root;”
Thy limbs are laden with Hesperian fruit;
And rival lands in divers tongues proclaim
The deathless glories of thy radiant name.
Eclipsed awhile, now falls its mystic sheen
On Spencer’s Court and Spencer’s Faery Queene;
One with those stars that guard the Emerald Isle,
The “gentle” Countess and the good Carlisle.

H. M. B.

HARROW, 1870.

